

MET CUTE

written by

Toucan Sam

**INT. SUPER CENTER - COSMETICS AISLE - DAY**

The late-night stragglers shuffle through endless aisles.

IN-STORE ANNOUNCEMENT (V.O.)  
Attention shoppers, we are closing  
in 15 minutes. Please see an  
employee for assisted self-check  
out.

ALBERT (68), slicked-back remnants of hair, a punk band t-shirt from yesteryear, leans against an end cap.

MAUDE (68), in a store vest and name tag, straightens mascara tubes.

ALBERT  
I haven't washed my fingers since.

Maude looks around, embarrassed.

MAUDE  
Alby. I'm at work.

ALBERT  
Paul Jackson's is having a little  
shindig Friday.

MAUDE  
What are you suggesting?

ALBERT  
Maybe we could go together? My  
brother got peach schnapps. Your  
fave.

Maude looks around, put on the spot.

MAUDE  
I don't know, Al. People might get  
the wrong idea.

ALBERT  
Wrong idea?

MAUDE  
Yeah.

ALBERT  
Or right?

MAUDE  
You tell me.

An employee, CRYSTAL (35), a seen-it-all lifer, walks past the aisle. Stops.

CRYSTAL  
(groaning)  
I can't.

She walks with increased purpose past the aisle.

ALBERT  
So?

MAUDE  
(flirty)  
You know what peach schnapps does to me.

ALBERT  
You know what you do to me.

Maude moves in closer. Feels something down there.

MAUDE  
Are you-?

ALBERT  
Since the parking lot.

MAUDE  
We can't keep doing this.

ALBERT  
Why not?

MAUDE  
I don't know. What are we?

ALBERT  
I know what we *could* be.

MAUDE  
(smiling)  
What?

ALBERT  
Boyfriend and girlfriend.

MAUDE  
Are you asking me?

ALBERT  
Only if the answer is yes.

MAUDE  
How's this for an answer.

She kneels down, painful. It takes an un-sexy amount of time.

ALBERT  
(concerned)  
Are you okay?

MAUDE  
(wincing)  
Yeah.

She unzips his pants. Gets to work.

ALBERT  
(ecstasy)  
Oh, Maude.

VOICE  
(authoritative)  
Hey!

Crystal returns, now with security.

Maude retracts her neck. Albert's head spins to the sound.

SECURITY  
(disgusted)  
What the hell?

CRYSTAL  
Every year. What is this? The  
fortieth time?

Maude and Albert exchange a loving glance.

MAUDE  
(correcting)  
Fiftieth.

ALBERT  
(correcting)  
Fiftieth.

CRYSTAL  
Get out before I have you both  
arrested.

Albert helps Maude up, slowly. Zips his pants. They hold each other as they walk past Crystal and the security guard.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
And please take off the vest. You  
don't work here. It's confusing for  
the shoppers.

MAUDE  
(correcting)  
Guests.

Crystal fumes.

Maude rests her head against Albert's shoulder.

MAUDE (CONT'D)  
I love you.

ALBERT  
I love you, too.

**CUT TO BLACK.**